

NIGHTS OF THE SPIDER

(poems)

- by Brian Edwards

1.

NIGHTS OF THE SPIDER :

The spider I know
does not speak with words
but with action

the spider I know
beholds the moon tonight

and the city buzzes
with its electricity
its drunkenness
and its residual hauntings

and the spider I know
hears my words
as lost flowers
withered in the alchemy

a mirage of Prague
in my mirror

the spider
has eyes of crystal balls

the alcohol
cast me
into the storm

and the spider
is there in the widow
like an illuminated sphinx

9/2018

2.

The spider in my window
astral projects
in the light
of a New Jersey moon

it has gone off
to try and catch
flying saucers
in its web
on the other side

to me
it looks like a mythic statue
of ancient god eyes
separated only
by a barrier of glass
and Luna's radiant veil

and now
with my cigarette
having reached its end
I have inhaled this epiphany
and will exhale
crystal-gazed omens
revealed by the spider

- 9/2018

The spider fights
slays
wins
the spider stays
alive another day
another week
the spider rules
over his keep
and to the rest
of the world
he pays no mind
the spider sleeps
dreams
dreams about
the Pacific Ocean
the spider's needs
are simple
just a fly
now and again
and a place
where he'll be left alone
the spider feels
the Sun and Moon
the dust and the wind
northern lights
blaze before his eyes

9/2018

The spider saw me
and I saw the spider
and the spider had
nothing to say at first
except for
"what the hell do you want?"
and then the spider
told me
how it had hopped a train
all the way
from the West Coast
and how he had slain
many a foe
and I got the sense
that the only reason
that the spider
even talked to me
was because it was now
living in my window
and I just sat there
and listened
I saw the Moon through
the glass
and the spider told me about
deserts and canyons
cheap rooms
drunks
drunks
and more drunks
and a trail of slain flies
left across the nation
cactus
cigarette smoke
roads full of
oblivious minds
the spider
told me about America
through a spider's eyes

9/2018

The spider sleeps
this morning
this morning
with the Equinox
just past

soon frost
will slay roses
I hope the spider's
ambition last

soon it will be
getting colder
this is New Jersey
and ours
is not a tropical sea

the spider sleeps
befall what may
I will go about
the spider will stay

9/2018

The spider I know
has knowledge of the the stars
of the kaleidoscope nebula
of Orion

the spider I know
makes Elizabethan sonnets
out of words
is familiar with theaters
older than
our collective memory

he stays on his web all day
separated from the blurry
alienation of global commerce

the spider
has found islands
within himself
far and distant
out of sight
of the metropolis
and televised lies

the spider
stays hidden
from the falling meteors
and the burst of ancient stars

in telepathic communication
with spiders of Egypt
as auroras glow radiant and mystical

9/2018

This spider
does not need astral planes
musings of nowhere
vibrations of imitation
and pandering
his web
is like ice and steel
and he'll hide from the world
when it's hypocrisy is glaring

this spider
on its island
of spirit volcanos

hearing the songs
of deranged
murderous sirens

skeletal ribs
strewn amongst rocks

9/2018

At this late hour
the spider is asleep
as the world is full
of information warfare
and conspiracies

the media
is compromised
we just don't know
who to trust anymore
and trusting
becomes a danger

and the spider
wants no parts of this

and he spends his days
in his web
televised spin
never reaches his eyes

and the media
is compromised

the media
is compromised

the spider
is neither right
nor left

and what can measure up
to a day of silence

except the arrival
of the fly

and then it's feast
and joy

a ritual as old
as our memory of it

Light has hit the window
the spider seems asleep
outside
the world goes
one way or another
and the spider has yet
to open his eyes
to believe
that anything really exist
since yesterday

Perhaps today
I'll follow him
to the place
where thoughts dissolve

waiting on the web
waiting for the Universe
to expand
waiting for everything
to become a star

and some liquor stores
have stars in their windows
and we are pulled in
by the gravity
of wanting to be exiled

we want to be away
far away
we want the nightmares banished
we want pleasant dreams
to overflow from marble fountains

we want violins
playing at the street corners
at least some of them

The spider
here with me
does not drink absinthe
in absinthe cafes
in nineteenth century Paris
the spider
stays here with me
and together
we count
the millimeters
to Orion
together
we tune our radios in
to Jupiter's northern symphonies
we send flashlight Morse Code signals
to the constellation Pegasus
then we wonder
what's going on out there
in the world
what's happening in Baltimore
in New York
in Buenos Aires
but then we decide
not to think about it
we'll be satisfied
with the peace and the calm here
we'll imagine beaches and palm trees
flowerpots on balconies
the serenades of delivery trucks
heard in the night

9/2018

11.

The spider sleeps
wakes up
once and a while
drinks some tea
then sleeps again

and astral planes
are spilling over
and through these walls

I found out about
the other dimensions
the hard way

the spider seems fine
either way

and it's his place
and it's mine

and the skies are grey
over this part of New Jersey

and we'll just stay here
and be solitary
solitary
solitary

and far away in Ecuador
many spiders
are having dreams

9/2018

I'm not sure
if the spider
can sense that
it's raining

raining in South Jersey
raining on the asphalt
on the roofs
on the cars
raining
where the light of stars
touches the pine trees

raining
where the Jersey Devil
leaves his mark

I am sure
the spider knows things
but I cannot
fathom his knowledge

now I'm down
to the last bit
of coffee

I am uncertain
about making any more

the spider
has left New Jersey
in spirit
and is now in Atlantis
on a distant astral plane

9/2018

I haven't seen
the spider
move all day

but then again
I haven't moved much
all day either

some days it just feels
like there's an invisible
black hole in my living room
and there goes all my energy
down into a void

I wonder if the same thing
is happening
to the spider to

right now
outside
the rain will show us
no mercy

it doesn't inspire me
to do anything
or go anywhere

I suspect
the spider
feels the same way to

so here we both are
like sloths
with nothing to do

9/2018

The moon
breathes
its dust of light
down upon
the eternal web

tonight
there are
a million palaces
close by

stained glass windows
of Aries

tulips of Jove

gardenias of Persephone

the spider has returned
from the far lands

beyond the horizon

even further
than where Calypso sleeps

the spider has returned
to this window
in Ithaca

9/2018

It's rained all day
no let up
no appeasement
the sky
is letting us have it

and the spider sleeps
and does not move a leg

tomorrow
he will awaken
and a fly
will be forsaken

9/2018

Tonight
the spider king
holds court
and all the courtiers
and even the king's fool
are there

and the rest of the village
are about their devotions

and the bells
do not toll
at such a late hour

and I am very glad
they are not tolling
being hungover
from last night
and I'm tired
of being hungover
so very tired of it
I've used up all my drinkings
and there's not much left now
but a mind too easily battered

and if the damn bells were tolling
I'd probably lose it
but they aren't tolling
and I'm too hungover to lose it

and I can't attend
the spider's court
but that's no surprise
to anyone
not even the spider king's fool
they know
I need to finally realize
that I've used up
all my drinkings

The spider has seen me
he knows
that I battle
these audio vultures of the air

he has seen and heard
all the heavy firing
of words and voices

he has seen
the mental crashes
the splash downs
the shoot downs
and all that oppression
in between

he knows that sometimes
it's like a war zone around here

he has seen me
staring at the stars
and believing in their magic

he has seen me
looking at the moon
wondering what it would be like
to be there

9/2018

The rain has ceased
maybe the audio plague
is over
but I doubt it

the room is full
of invisible crows
and still the spider sleeps

omens and words
spoken on ancient mountains

maybe the skies
will clear tonight
but not likely

what lies within
the garden of thorns
and shadows

invisible crows
trained
in hypnosis warfare

it is all too late
to worry about it anyway

the orchids
will forget
my name

9/2018

The End

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